THE HAPPY THANKSGIVING
—OF THE—
BURGLAR AND PLUMBER.

By Octave Thanet.

(Copyright, 1894, by Octave Thanet.)

Miss Elinor Merryweather went to bed Thanksgiving evening, in a graceless frame of mind, at least in a frame of mind that may pass for graceless in a woman of such kindly nature as Miss Merryweather. "You may go, Robbins," she said to her faithful maid, "and you and Harriet (Harriet was the cook) and Matilda (Matilda was the waitress) may all go to that party at James' (James was the gardener). I shall not need any of you."

"I hate to leave you alone, Miss Elinor," said Robbins; and hesitated, knowing Miss Merryweather well enough not to ask her would she be afraid? She did not do much better to blurt out: "They do say there's burglars in town, ma'am!"

"Very well," responded Miss Merryweather with unshaken calm—whatever her faults, timidity never was charged to her—"be sure you lock all the doors and windows securely. And you may as well see the galvanic battery works all right; and that the silver is all in the safe. Good night, a pleasant time to you."

Robbins knew when her mistress used this tone that argument would be vain, so disconcerted and with more than one wistful glance backward in the hall, she retired.

Miss Merryweather began to walk up and down the room. It was an attractive room with the soft ivory gleam of the paint and the sprangly, old-fashioned flowers on the creamy walls. These walls were thickly hung with water color sketches and pen and ink and wash drawings which gave one an eerie sensation of familiarity, like faces seen in a dream, and sometimes by some clever people of long memories were traced to a favorite illustrator, being, in fact, by famous artists their original drawings for well known magazines.

One perceived also an old-fashioned air that came from the presence of certain chairs and tables luxuriantly carved in dull-hued oak or tinted in old marqueterie. In one corner of the room a cabinet showed all the dazzling blues of rare, old china, the sumptuous gildings of Satsuma, the delicate forms of old Severes, the dainty fancies in Meissen and the soldier opulence of color and shape of the great English makers. A davenport in one corner, a lounge with many pillows in another and a tea table with its shining equipage, hinted the room to Miss Merryweather's own special sitting room. She never called it a bourdoir, and nothing made her more indignant than to hear the name from any one else. "Do I look like a woman who would have a boudoir?" she had been known to demand, almost with fierceness, "a bourdoir is a place where girls with sloopy hair, read poetry and write notes on scented paper and make poor tea that they sip with souvenir spoons. Look at my spoons; they are truly apostles; and isn't that Eve sprawling by that ridiculous river on that Capo di Monti tea pot delicious? Taste my tea—a friend brought it to me from Russia; did you ever taste such tea in a boudoir? I think not!" Miss Merryweather's tea was celebrated by all who were so fortunate as to drink it; but it was not the tea table to which the eye of the newcomer instinctively turned; it was a heavy Italian chest, the lid adorned by two curiously wrought iron handles, the chest itself of age stained oak, having divers vague and grisly traditions connecting it with the treasure of a convent and the murder of faithful guardians by vandal robbers in the eighth English Henry's time. By a natural divagation of the mind the chest had become Miss Merryweather's safe, and contained, it was said, a bona fide safe wherein was deposited the famous Merryweather plate, some descended from colonial Merryweathers, some presented by brother officers to the late General Merryweather. Also, therein sparkled the jewels of Miss Merryweather, which would not have been despised in a large city and were regarded with awe in an Iowa town. Miss Merryweather, though a spinster and no longer young, was fond of magnificence in dress, on proper occasions. In general, she wore simple costumes always of black, which recognized but did not slavishly defer the fashion. But for high toilets she had satins and velvets and lace as ancient as her china. In person, Miss Merryweather was tall and thin; but she had a mantua maker that understood her business. When she was young and her hair was black, Miss Merryweather's Roman features might have seemed large, however finely chiseled. Now, framed in softest iron gray they were commonly described as "so distinguished." She was of a fine carriage, a figure to notice on the streets; especially as she was a trifle absent-minded and when she walked, had the habit of swaying her shapely right hand from side to side as if addressing an invisible audience in unaudible words. She had a warm heart and a quick temper; and she had been known to arrest (with the aid of sympathetic bystanders) at least half a dozen oppressors of dumb brutes. She did not keep a single cat in the house. In pussy's place, she petted a majestic Saint Bernard, who sometimes accompanied her in lieu of the body guard.

Whatever her eccentricities—I must grant her some—she was greatly beloved by her fellow townsmen and those who knew her best loved her most strongly. She had, however, a will of her own. And she was one who in the language of holy writ, kept her promise to her hurt. Thus, sometimes, an impetuous temper led her into imprudent delarations out of which she could not always extract herself without great exercise of her wits. Her latest dilemma engrossed her tonight. Having the plumbing of her dwelling repaired, in an unlucky moment she had a quarrel with the Plumbers' Union over a bill and the result was, that she sent away "every man swindler of them all"—I would not be understood to endorse her words—and was left with the water service of the house cut off and water hauled from the cisterns and a single faucet in the garden, while friends sniffed apprehensively whenever they entered the house and asked was she not afraid of sewer gas? and her neice (who was as a daughter to her) did not dare to bring the baby to spend Thanksgiving, because the child might catch diphtheria through the deadly, leaking pipes.

"Stuff!" said Miss Merryweather, who used strong expressions sometimes, being by birth and breeding quite too great a lady to disturb herself about the minor conventions, "stuff and nonsense! There are no leaks, but I'm not going to argue with you, Helen; I shall get a plumber and have you come, Thanksgiving."

Then, discerning a peculiar smile on the amiable features of Helen's husband, she added gravely, "He will not belong to the Union. If I have to wait to hire a Union plumber, I shall wait until the pipes tumble to pieces!"

But the imported plumber who was to put the forces of organized labor to rout did not come; although such is the extraordinary working of the feminine logic, he was offered as high wages as the erring and grasping union plumbers had been refused.

Miss Merryweather was sure he had been bought off or assassinated by the union; she paid no heed to the theory submissively tendered by Helen's husband, to wit, that, knowing the man's habits, he had cause to suspect he was simply celebrating Thanksgiving in an unholy manner, on his own account.

"No, poor fellow," she murmured, "he is most likely lying dead in some alley away with all his ribs broken. They do such things." It was with a gloomy mind she beheld the night before Thanksgiving. "I never was so little thankful in my life," she murmured, "and I was so bent on having that plumbing done in time to have Helen and show that Vance that I am a match for the Plumbers' union if I am a lone woman." Miss Merryweather was not used to be beaten; it galled; she had mailed letters to different plumbers asking for bids by telegraph; but, peer as she might, she could not see a loop hole of escape for her, this time.

She went to bed early; but for a long while she could not sleep, she thought of the Plumbers' union and her defeat and raged anew.

And when, at last, she was just slipping off into the shadows of peace, she heard the softest of footfalls. Surely she had closed the door on Diogenes, the dog! Hadn't she closed the door? Her mind drove her backward over that hasty journey through the rooms, down stairs. Diogenes had a mat in the laundry, and the range of the kitchen, she certainly had closed one of the kitchen doors, didn't she close the kitchen door, up stairs? She did—at least she had seen that the door to the cellar was fast and she thought she had bolted the door upstairs—how did ever people feel certain about anything enough to swear that it happened? The footsteps were nearer, in the sitting room which adjoined the chamber. Her first thought was for the safety of the jex table with its precious freight; she was sure if she called to the dog kindly he would begin wagging his tail, that tremendous brush which with one sweep might hurl her idols into irredeemable, smashing, crashing ruin!

Sternness was the only chance! "Down charge, Die!" she commanded, "bad dog! Down!"

A particularly mild voice answered her. "It ain't a dog, Miss, it's a man!"

"A man?" repeated Miss Merryweather, "Well!"

Of course it was not well; but Miss Merryweather did not think of the nicer meanings of words.

"Yes, ma'am," the voice repeated, "don't be alarmed, I'm a man, a burglar!"

Miss Merryweather showed no signs of alarm; in the first place she had a fearless soul, in the second place, the voice was so mild, so almost apologetic that it aroused her sense of humor.

"I don't know that you are less of a nuisance than the dog would be," said she. "You stay right where you are and I will turn on the electric lights as soon as I get on a few things. Don't move or you'll hit something!"

"All right, ma'am," said the burglar, "only no pulling out a pop, you know, and firing it off at me in the dark, hit or miss!"

"Certainly not, at least, not until I can see you," said Miss Merryweather. All the while she was hastily donning a wrapper and slippers. Then, she turned on the lights.

The burglar stood directly under the blaze. He did not look like a burglar; there was nothing much in his pale face except the look of recent sickness and hopefulness. His clothes were like any workman's, a pair of blue, soiled overalls with something like a bib front, and a patched, check shirt. His hat (it was a hat and not the cap in which artists, for reasons best known to themselves, delight to depict the burglar) was a very battered soft felt and it was not pulled down over his black brows, it was pushed back from dark brown locks. He looked like a workman out of a job. His hands, one of which held a pistol, were calloused and stained, a workingman's hands.

When Miss Merryweather loomed upon him—one may say darted, since that was the effect of the springing of the light upon her image—he lifted his empty hand to his hat.

"I don't want to disturb you, ma'am," he repeated, "but I've got to have some money!"

"Why?" said Miss Merryweather. She was quite at her ease and had taken a rocking chair.

"Why?" the man echoed bitterly, "because I prefer to steal to seeing my wife dying for want of things done for her and my children without shoes to their feet, and never a bite amongst us all this day, by —— I beg your pardon, lady, I wasn't meaning to swear, but I'm wore out!"

"Haven't you had anything to eat today?" said Miss Merryweather.

He shook his head. A stiff lock of brown hair which stood up on the top of his head, waggled, at the motion; it gave him a grotesque look. He certainly was frightfully thin.

"Humph!" said Miss Merryweather, "You sit down in that rocking chair and stay there till I come up again. Don't you burgler until I come back; then we'll see what we can do."

"You ain't going to telephone to police to nab me?"

Miss Merryweather waived her hand toward the wall at a telephone.

"It isn't customary in houses of people who are not millionaires to have two telephones," said she. "I am going to bring you something to eat."

"I won't touch a thing, lady," promised the burglar, "I've been druv to this, I truly have."

Miss Merryweather encouraged him by a nod and departed, lighted candle in hand.

Never, it seemed to her, had she heard so many sinister noises at night, as pricked her ears while her candle flitted from pantry to sideboard. Boards creaked under her tread as they never creaked in the day time and every door she touched sent up a long shriek of remonstrance.

But Diogenes, slept calmly in the laundry. Miss Merryweather shook her head. She carried a revolver in her hand which she laid on the tray. "He seems like a decent sort of submerged unfortunate"—thus ran her meditations while she provisioned the tray—"but he may be wicked and run after me down stairs. If he does, Di and the gun will have to hurt him."

"And I won't talk to him away from the telephone." She thought of waking the sleeping dog and taking him up stairs, but the peril to the china of Diogenes' clumsy bulk seemed so much greater to her intrepid soul than any personal danger from the mild-mannered burglar, that she dismissed the suggestion as soon as it appeared. And when she entered her sitting room again and saw how starved and tired her burglar looked, she was glad of her decision.

He was leaning back in his chair, his pistol still in one limp hand, his head laid back, showing his miserable thin neck; and the white glare full on the haggard pallor of his face.

His eye brightened at the sight of the tray. Miss Merryweather, making no comment, lighted the lamp under the silver chafing dish; and as it burned, she buttered the slices of bread and placed beef between them.

"I'm afraid the beef is a little underdone for your taste," observed she kindly, "and I hope you don't care for mustard, for I forgot it; but I've put on salt and pepper, and they were the best done pieces I could find. The soup will be warm in a minute. Now, you drink this glass of wine."

The man drank it, keeping his eye on her. Then, he laid the pistol on the table. "I ain't going to use it," he said.

"Much better not," returned Miss Merryweather, "the truth is, I have long had a curiosity to see a burglar and I rather have planned things that way; but I didn't expect he would be so decent as you seem. How do like that wine? It's old Jacques port." The burglar looked rather bewildered but answered that it was the best wine he had ever tasted. He added ingenuously that he "had not tasted much wine."

"You are not at all like a professional burglar," remarked the lady who had now come to ladling out the steaming soup. "I think you must be an amateur."

"I never touched anything 'wasn't my own before, lady, so help me ——"

"Well, you haven't touched anything yet, now," interrupted Miss Merryweather, who had a mania for accuracy. She continued, "I suppose you are putting that sandwich into your pocket for your family——don't do it! I'll make up a basket for them. Tell me what brought you, such a decent man, to this pass?"

The man smeared his eyes with his hand before he began. "I never seen a lady like you," said he. "I'm just going to tell you the honest truth. I was working in Chicago. I belonged to the junior plumbers——"

"Oh, if you were a plumber, it must have come natural to you to rob."

The burglar acknowledged the sally by a faint smile. "We aint so bad as they make us out. Well, hard times come and work fell off and the union wouldn't let us work below wages so I left the union, fact is, I couldn't keep up my dues ——"

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Miss Merryweather springing from her chair in strong agitation, "do you mean to tell me you are not a union man. Don't think of burglaring me! I can give you a great deal better job, and I will advance you money on it, too. This house is only about half plumbed; if you will take hold and get this plumbing done by six o'clock tomorrow, I'll pay you well. And you shall have two men to help you who aren't plumbers, but have some sense! And a boy to run to the shop to get the tools. Are you a good plumber?"

"Yes'm, I was; but you see I went to Pullman and worked there till the strike came. I didn't strike; but I joined the A. R. U. afterwards, so as to get the relief. The strike lasted so long I used up all my earnings; and then I didn't git back, after all. So I'm a little out of practice. But I guess I can satisfy you, I'll try hard."

"You shall have a chance, anyhow. So you went to Pullmen; and why didn't you get back there when the strike ended?"

"They didn't take all the men, ma'am; and I heard of a job in Chicago, so I moved there; and I got it sure enough; but it only lasted a little while; and then I wrote to the new factory, they were starting here, the glucose works, and I got a job, but the first week I come down with typhoid fever and I worked with the fever on me; and I did take whisky to kinder hold me up, for I was wild to think of losing my job; but I wasn't drunk, though somebody said so. So I lost it and another fellow got it—well, I guess he needed it bad, too. But that's how it was. I went home and was sick awful bad for six weeks; and when I got up again, there was nothing I could get, and the baby come, just then. God forgive it! and I guess he knowed he was none too welcome, for he's been hollering ever since. Doctor says, he needs some kinder food, Nestling food, or some sich name, and I wanted to git it, for I someway don't jest want him to die, if he is mean! Then, I wanted to git my woman things, she's an awful nice woman, I'll say that, and about all we've got she's earned washing. I have been out a week walking about a hundred miles I guess, begging for a job everywhere I heard jobs were to be had; but you see we were strangers and there ain't enough work to go round 'mong the old men. Today, as I went back from the shoe factory 'cross the river, and seen all the turkeys in the winders, and remembered how there wasn't a bite in our house for today nor for tomorrow; and looked at the rich folks that don't love their families a mite better'n I love mine, I got kinder wild, I guess, I never had gredged rich folks their money before. I was willing to work hard, and not to have very much; but now, it seems as if there wasn't an inch of room for me and my family on this earth! We'd pawned every last thing we could pawn and there we was a siarving!"

"But goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Merryweather, who had with difficulty refrained from interrupting him before, "why didn't you go to the Associated Charities or to the Industrial Aid?"

"You see, lady, we ain't used to being poor; we didn't know about them places. Lady, I tell you, it ain't the poverty poor that gits squeezed the hardest when there's hard times; bless you, no! They're used to leanin' on other folks and they just lop over a leetle heavier; but it's the decent folks that never knew the way to the poor overseer's office before, or even to the pawn shop, that catch it. They suffer and don't holler about it."

"I see," said Miss Merryweather, "go on!"

"There ain't much more," said the man, very neatly folding the napkin. I told my wife I had got a job and I would have the money for a turkey for tomorrow, not to fret, I'd git some advanced. I went straight out, meaning to enter somebody's house and git enough to buy a Thanksgiving dinner. I prowled about for a long time, first deciding on one house and then on another. Bye and bye I saw all the folks in your kitchen going out and the light up-stairs; and says I, that lady is all alone by herself and I can git some money easy. So I come."

"But how did you get in? The windows are barred down stairs——"

"Yes'm, they look like good winders. But I come in by the door, the kitchen door. I reasoned like the girls would have some place where they hid the kitchen key and I could hunt it up. Most like it would be under the door mat. That's where it was, too."

"They shall have a latch key, every one of them; of course you got in. But didn't you wake the dog?"

"No ma'am, he jest slept like the dead. Them big dogs is jest like men about sleeping, they sleep so sound."

"But when you came up the stairs, what did you do about the mat at the foot of the stairs? The lights ought to have sprung up and the bells rung the instant your foot touched the mat!"

"Why, you see, lady," said the burglar apologetically—he seemed to fear least she should be hurt by the failure of her carefully planned burglar traps. "you see, I naturally struck a match, now and then, to see my way, and when I come on that plain, common mat in that beautiful hall with the handsome rugs about, I knowed it to be a burglar mat, so I jest stepped over it; I've no doubt all the things would have happened if I had stepped on it right."

"I don't know," said Miss Merryweather, gloomily, "may be the plumbers got it out of order. But, come here, open that chest." She pointed to the nuns' chest against the wall, and the burglar obediently laid his pistol down to do her bidding. An inner chest of iron was disclosed, having two projecting handles.

"Lift the cover," commanded Miss Merryweather.

A smile of grim expectation parted her firm lips; now approached her triumph. The burglar laid his hands on the knobs and pensively nodded his head, screwing up his mouth, like a man recognizing a familiar flavor.

"Yes'm," said he, "galvanic battery, ain't it? Kinder prickly!"

"I'll weaken the current," said Miss Merryweather, "you must be a perfect Spartan not to call out."

"Well, you see I ruther suspicioned what it was," the burglar replied, letting his hands drop.

"How can you get your hands away?" cried Miss Merryweather.

Hain't you weakened the current?" deprecated the burglar. "Shaw! I thought you had, or I wouldn't a taken them down. I'm real sorry."

Miss Merryweather laughed. "Everything is a failure," said she. "You ought to be held a prisoner, with your shoulders hunched up. It's all wrong."

"Oh no, it ain't, ma'am—the burglar tried to reassure her—"I ain't no manner of doubt that them mats down stairs would work splendid; we kin try, going down. But these here galvanic batteries are mighty unreliable. Never mind, I kin fix it all right for you. I'm glad I came though."

"So am I," said Miss Merryweather; "do you think something is the matter with this, too?" displaying her revolver.

It was a big revolver of glossy and irridescent black, not a feminine frippery about it, no pearl, no silver—a revolver that meant business and showed its intentions, honorably.

"No, it's all right," said the burglar admiringly, "you could 'a plugged me, sure."

"Unless you shot me first."

"Hump! that would 'a been difficult, seein' mine ain't loaded and there's something the matter with the trigger so it can't go off, else it would 'a been in the pawn shop 'stead of here."

"Well," sighed Miss Merryweather, "it's a mercy you tried to burglarize me with that useless thing, instead of some one else. Now, for goodness sake, come down stairs and let me give you that basket and get you off before the servants come."

Miss Merryweather had very much the sensations of a burglar in her own house as she despoiled the larder, the friendly burglar holding the candle. They hurried at every glimpse of the clock; they trembled at all the creekings of the floor.

"Robbins never did stay out before later than 12 or 1; it's a quar——Great Heavens!" Miss Merryweather jumped. Suddenly she was bathed in a flood of light and bells seemed to be ringing all over the house!

"I guess the mats is straight goods," said the burglar, "you trod on one by mistake, ma'am. Say, what's that? They're a hollering in the yard! I'll try this door——"

"No, you will not," said Miss Merryweather, all herself again, "you will stay just where you are while I open the door."

She was at the hall door before she ended, calling loudly to the shrieking maids, who came in, timidly (except Robbins) in the rear of the two men, who were none too valorous.

"Nothing is the matter," said Miss Merryweather, "I stepped on the mat myself." It works perfectly. Harriet, I've engaged a plumber, and he is to work all night and the plumbing will be done by tomorrow afternoon. If you need those extra tools, you'd better go home and get them now"—turning upon the bewildered burglar—"and you don't need that candle any more; put it down. Don't forget the basket."

"No, ma'am; thank you, ma'am," the burglar responded, "and I'll be back——"

"As soon as you can; there's no time to lose," said Miss Merryweather. "He is a good plumber," she announced calmly to her dazed domestic staff; "and I was lucky to get him. I have sent a basket of things to his family. Get him a good breakfast tomorrow morning; and I hope we shall have a Thanksgiving, after all. I shan't forget how good you all are in these emergencies."

The household knew too well Miss Merryweather's generosity, for these special efforts, to be happy; but Robbins summed up the general mixture of disapprobation and admiration; she said: "Did you ever see the like! I believe Miss Elinor would git her will if she had to tear the world up by the roots!"

The plumbing was done and well done, by 4 of the next afternoon. The burglar's family, as well as the Merryweather gathering, dined late that Thanksgiving.

I cannot find any good moral in this tale unless it be contained in Miss Merryweather's own subsequent reflections. "Now, aren't the ways of Providence queer! Here's my burglar got a good plumber shop and lots of custom simply by an unsuccessful attempt to rob. But then, it is a merciful thing that as our best intentions are liable to bring harm and misfortune, so our bad ones run off the track sometimes, too. And, anyhow, it wasn't because he was a burglar he was so lucky, but because he was such a remarkably gentle and propitiating burglar! If he hadn't been, I should have had to shoot him or sick Diogenes on him. I hope it will be a lesson to us both that it is better far to rule by love than fear, and kind words can never die, and all that kind of thing! And it was certainly a mercy to me that I feel truly thankful for. I don't know how I could have beaten the plumbers without him!"

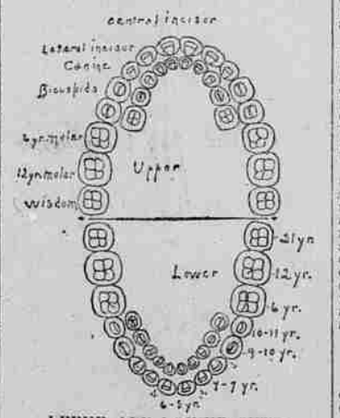
TEETHING BABIES.

Some of the Risks Children Run in Cutting Their First Teeth.

From the time a baby begins to teeth till the first molar is through, his life is not only burdensome to himself, but to everyone else. Next to colic teething ranks as the greatest sleep destroyer, and, moreover, carries so many ills in its train, that many little ones die from either sheer lack of care, or care wrongly expended.

The first teeth come through at from three to eight months, and are followed at intervals by the others. When the baby forces everything into his mouth, and "slobbers" continually, the teeth are shooting into the gums. Some time after the first one, then another peeps through, and then follows a breathing spell.

In our grandmother's day, every ailment, otherwise unaccountable, was laid to teething. Latter day doctors not only



UPPER AND LOWER SETS.

disavow this, but even go to the other extreme and claim that teething is a comparatively painless operation. This is not shared by mothers to any great extent, for observation tends to prove the contrary. Even slight pressure gives pain, while gentle rubbing eases the ache.

The truth is, teething upsets the system, and so makes the inroad of disease easy. The stomach and bowels are especially affected, and from not being attended to produce convulsions, spasms, cramps, etc., and incidentally a very nice mortality.

The stomach is nearly always the aggressor. Overfeeding is one cause, and unsuitable food, too heavy for the delicate organ to digest, is another. Up to the sixteenth month a baby needs nothing but milk. At this time the first molar is on its way, and eight more teeth to come. A judicious diet will obviate a great many troubles otherwise encountered at this time, for the stomach and the eye teeth (canines) which follow the first molar, cause great disturbance to the system, which indiscriminate feeding fosters.

The worst feature of teething is convulsions, not only terrible to look upon themselves, but leading to so many other evils, idocy being the worst. Hot water is the sovereign cure, either a foot bath or full length. Thin cloths dipped in cold water should be laid on the forehead, and if the doctor has not come by the time the baby recovers consciousness, give an anema of warm water and castile soap. This causes the offending matter, if there is any, to pass off; all after efforts must be made toward warding off others. A light diet, pure air, cool head and warm feet all tend to this end.

The bowels require particular attention during teething. Any great irritability or fever can often be cured by a physic. If moderately loose, they need no care, but if bound, they must be looked after at once.

The mouth and teeth, too, need daily care. From the day a child is born its mouth should be washed out with pure warm water, and once in a while borax water, which not only sweetens the gums but often prevents "sore mouth," once considered a necessary adjunct of babyhood. As the teeth develope, they should be carefully looked after, and any decay taken to a skillful dentist.

The subjoined diagram shows the first and permanent sets complete. The central incisors are the first to be cut, at from the third to the eighth month. Then come the lateral incisors, up to the tenth month. The first molar or bicuspid, up to the sixteenth month, the canine or eye and stomach up to the twentieth month, and the second molar up to the third year. After this there is a cessation of cutting, the first set being complete, up to the sixth year, when the molar known as the sixth molar, the first permanent tooth, comes in.

These first teeth should never be pulled till ready to come out themselves, with the idea of bettering the second set. This is another idea relegated to the past. The roots of the first teeth are absorbed by the second, and the teeth shed when the permanent ones are ready to come through. Generally, the longer the first are retained, the better the second ones are. This sixth molar is very often classed among the first teeth by mothers, and allowed to decay unrestrained under the impression that another will follow. The dentist often is the first to tell them of their error.

The first shed are the central incisors, at about eight years, the lateral follow in about another year, the first and second bicuspids in two more, the canine next, and the second molar at about twelve years, which gives it the name of the twelve year molar. The wisdom teeth are the last, and the set is generally complete at twenty-one years.

The lower teeth nearly always come through first, two or three months before the upper. When the operation is reversed, many think it a herald of early death, of which, of course, examples are not wanting. A prominent children's doctor says he has found a tendency to left-handedness to go with this condition, and cites many patients to carry out his theory.

It is almost criminal for mothers to neglect their children's teeth. Sweet stuff should be prohibited as tending to rot them, the daily cleansing insisted on, and an examination made every three months to forestal decay. Aching teeth should never be treated habitually with oil of cloves, creosote, etc., because these only give present relief while assisting decay. A twenty-five cent bone filling will stop the ache and preserve the tooth, and be a cause of deep thankfulness in after years to both parent and child.

KENNET WOOD.

A LOST DOG.

Laurence—Mr. Glanville must be reconciled to you; I don't see his vicious bull dog around his place any more.

Allan—No, I bet a policeman $10 the dog wasn't mad."—Truth.